A GENUINE

LETTER

TO

Mr. JOSEPH FOWKE,

From his Brother near

LISBON,

Dated *November* 1755.

In which is given

A very minute and ſtriking Deſcription of the late EARTHQUAKE.

LONDON,

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A LETTER from Mr. Joseph Fowke to Mr. Collyer.

MR COLLYER,

SIR,

THE Moment it was mentioned to me, that the late Dr. Fofter was your Friend, and that it might be agreeable to you to fuffer a Publication of my Brother's Letter to me, I could not hesitate. You have herewith an exact Copy, as far as it relates to the Calamity of Lisbon. Many Circumstances may seem peculiar to a particular Family; but the Incidents are striking, and interesting to many Observations on the publick Diftreſs, than on the whole it is interesting; and the Incorrectneſs will be eaſily excuſed, when it is conſidered what Hurry and Confuſion the Writer was in. I have added a few Notes, which I think neceſſary for thoſe, who never reſided at Lisbon.

I am,

SIR,

London, 15 Dec. 1755.

Your very Humble Servant,

JOSEPH FOWKE.

LETTER to Mr. Fowke from Lisbon.

DEAR BROTHER, Lisbon, 1st Nov. 1755.

I HAVE already wrote you a few Lines of the general Calamity here: But to be more particular.—About Ten o'Clock, after Breakfaſt, the 1st of November, All-Saints Day, I was diſcourſing with two Portugueſe Friends in the Compting-houſe.—A calm fine Morning; ſuddenly we found the Houſe ſhake, and a great Noiſe like a Coach and Six driving by: We ſtared at each other: They ſaid it was a Coach: I anſwered, none came through our Street; (a) that we

(a) This Street was called Rua dos Fanicos, it was ſo narrow that with ſome difficulty a Chaiſe could enter; in this Street there was a Neighbourhood of five or ſix Families, Engliſh and Irish, referred to in the Letter.

A LETTER from Mr. *Joſeph Fowke* to Mr. *Collyer.*

Mr. COLLYER,

SIR,

THE Moment it was mentioned to me, that the late Dr. *Foſter* was your Friend, and that it might be ſome Benefit to you to ſuffer a Publication of my Brother's Letter to me, I could not heſitate. You have herewith an exact Copy, as far as it relates to the Calamity of *Lisbon.* Many Circumſtances may ſeem peculiar to a particular Family; but the Incidents are ſtriking, and interſperſed with ſo many Obſervations on the publick Diſtreſs, that on the whole it is intereſting; and the Incorrectneſs will be eaſily excuſed, when it is conſidered what Hurry and Confuſion the Writer was in. I have added a few Notes, which I think neceſſary for thoſe, who never reſided at *Lisbon.* I am,

SIR,

Your very Humble Servant,

London, 15 *Dec.* 1755.

JOSEPH FOWKE.

LETTER to Mr. *Fowke* from *Lisbon.*

Dear BROTHER, *Lisbon,* 17 *Nov.* 1755.

I HAVE already wrote you a few Lines of the general Calamity here: But to be more particular——About Ten o'Clock, after Breakfaſt, the 1ſt of *November, All-Saints* Day, I was diſcourſing with two *Portugueſe* Friends in the Compting-houſe—A calm fine Morning; ſuddenly we found the Houſe ſhake, and a great Noiſe like a Coach and Six driving by: We ſtared at each other: They ſaid it was a Coach: I anſwered, none came through our Street; *(a)* that we

(*a*) This Street was called *Rua dos Mudos*, it was ſo narrow that with ſome difficulty a Chaiſe could enter; in this Street there was a Neighbourhood of five or ſix Families, *Engliſh* and *Iriſh*, referred to in the Letter.

we were all loſt: It was certainly a violent Earthquake, and deſired them to follow me. An inſtant Thought took me, that it was a general Perdition, or may be the laſt Day; but if there was Safety, it would be under the Stone Arch, at your Houſe near the Scales, and that I would run all Riſques to reach that. I ran, they followed, Houſes and Streets ſeemingly dancing under us, from our Houſe to yours, Tiles, Stones, *&c.* falling plentifully; but it pleaſed God to carry me and *Joze Alvez* ſafe to the Arch; but poor *Franciſco* being laſt, periſhed in the Way. The Moment I was under the Arch, fell your Houſe, *Major's*, and Mr. *Joyce's*, ſo that I was quite ſtifled with Rubbage covering me and Duſt from the Ruins.—'Tis ſurpriſing how I was toſſed about under the Arch for the Space of two Mniutes, when the Motion ceaſed; and a little after the Duſt ſettling, we ſaw a little Light, and creeping out to get a Top of the Ruins, I heard your Wife and her little Family coming down the broken Stairs.——We ſcrambled along together.—Coming near our Houſe we miſſed your Son *Harry*, *(b)* who was playing in the *Branda*; Mrs. *Buckley*, and *Anthony* went back for him, and calling out, he anſwered from the Ruins, in which he was buried to the Head, *That he had fallen in the Dirt.*—We took him out wounded in the Legs, his Body and Face bruiſed, but all his Bones whole, thank God.—Coming by our Houſe, which ſtill ſtood firm, I called my Wife.—After three or four times, Senhor *Luiz* anſwered from within, all was well; I was then on Mr. *Morrough's* Houſe, there being no more Streets—Houſes and Streets being all levelled—and then appeared from the Ruins Mr. *Joyce's* Family, *Major's*, and from our Houſe my Wife, *&c.* and a little after, Mr. *Morrogh* creeping out with his Son *Frank*, all pale and dirty Faces.—We all embraced, congratulated, *&c.* which was followed by the Lamentation of Mr. *Morrogh* for his Wife and young Child, and poor *Alvez* for his Brother, *&c.* in the Midſt of which came on another——The *Second* terrible Earthquake——Our Fear was then that our Houſe would fall on us, which we ſaw bending to and fro like the Maſt of a Ship in a Storm.—We called on God for Mercy and found it.—As ſoon as this was over, Senhor *Luiz* crept to St. *(c)* *Nicolaos's* Church over the Houſe, and came back to tell us he found a Paſſage ſo far;—I immediately called to all our Family to follow me;

(*b*) This was a Child of three Years old.

(*c*) This was the Pariſh Church, and had a tolerable Square around it, which was the Reaſon ſo many fled there.

me; they did to St. *Nicolao*'s Church; but the Horror there threw them into Confuſion, and I believe was the Occaſion of their ſcattering—Numbers expiring, and others (ſhocking Spectacle!) with the Clergy running about over the Ruins to confeſs and abſolve them who were yet alive—All ſhouting to God for Mercy.—We went round St. *Nicolao*'s, and ſcrambled over the Ruins through *Rua das Arcos* to *Roſia* (*d*), and ſaved ſome poor People in our Way; but when we got there, Scenes of Horror were doubled, and I can compare it to nothing but the Idea I had formed in my Youth of miſerable Sinners at the laſt Day crying to God for Mercy: To which you muſt add, the numberleſs Objects round us expiring with Groans and Miſery.—When I reached the Middle of the *Roſia*, I ſtopped and found none with me but my Wife, *Neb* and Miſs *Leſter*.—I diſpatched *Neb* (who is a worthy, conragious, valuable Lad) back to ſeek for the Remainder of our Family; and, after a little Waiting, he came back with ſome of them.—We then proceeded to the Fields—and on the Hills behind the Puppet-ſhow-houſe, we had a *Third* violent Earthquake, in which we were obliged to lie down or kneel, not being able to keep our Feet.—After this we proceeded to Colonel *Mardel*'s, where we found new Scenes of Miſery.—There it was I recollected I had not a Shilling in my Pocket, and ſent *Neb* a ſecond Time, who chearfully run all Riſques, and brought me in about an Hour 350 *Mill-Ries* he got in my Deſk.—In the Afternoon, I ſent him and two Boys again to try if they could ſave any thing, but all the Paſſages were ſtopped by the Fire, which began to rage, and at Night we ſaw the whole City in Flames.—I ſent again at Break of Day in the Morning, but no Poſſibility of coming near our Houſe; we lay in the Fields all Night.—It was extremely cold.—I had no other Clothing but my Night-gown and Slippers; my Wife and all our Company in much the ſame Condition.—But God preſerved us.—Half an Hour after eleven o'Clock, *Caſar*, who lay at *Saccavem* (*e*) came to me, and told me all was well there, only the Tiles ſhattered, and the Walls a little open in ſome Places.—I called our Company, and told them the Neceſſity of walking there, which they chearfully undertook.—I reached our Cellars about one o'Clock; in our Way we called at Senior *Luzeh*'s Quinta,

 and

(*d*) The *Roſia* is the only grand Square of *Lisbon*.——The Houſe of Inquiſition ſtands at the upper End.

(*e*) *Saccavem* is a little Town ſeven Miles North Eaſt from *Lisbon*, where ſeveral Wine-Merchants have Cellars near the *Tagus*.

and in the Fields met your Daughter in a *Portugueſe* Woman's Arms, and they gave me an Account of *Joe*, who was in a Neighbour's Houſe.—I there hired a Buro (*f*) with an Albards and Serrao, put *Nancy* and *Harry* at each Side, and *Joe* in the middle; and thus moved our little Company to *Saccavem*.—The City being deſerted, the Country was every where full of People, and every Moment we met Acquaintance in the ſame, or greater Diſtreſs than ourſelves—An Embrace and Tears could only expreſs the Commotion of our Minds.—At *Saccavem*, I heard that your Family and mine, including the Servants, had all eſcaped, but at the Church of St. *Nicholas* (as above related) we had divided in the Confuſion. Senhor *Luiz* with your Son *Joe* went one Way—I went as before with another Party; your Wife with Mr. *Ivie*, and your Son *Sam* made their Way to the *Terreira* (*g*) *de Paſſo*, and got aboard a Ship with Mrs. *Thomas* and your Son *Billy*, who was permitted to live at *Thomas*'s Houſe for ſome Time paſt.—He and Mrs. *Thomas* were dug out of the Ruins bruiſed a good deal, but are much better, as alſo *Harry*.—Poor Mr. *Thomas* is loſt, and his Apprentice *Joe*, and I believe Forty Thouſand Inhabitants.—As ſoon as I heard that Siſter and her Party was at *Belem* aboard a Ship (the *Wedneſday* after) I went for her, and brought them all to *Saccavem*.

Theſe eight Days paſt *Sam*, *Neb*, and the Caſhiero, are looking after Workmen, who are ſearching in the Ruins for our Plate, Money and Jewels——but as yet with very little Succeſs. This is the 16th Day after the Fire, and the Rubbiſh is ſtill ſo hot as to ſet fire to the Baskets, which carry away the Rubbiſh. *Sam* has behaved with great Reſolution and Courage; he and *Neb* ſeem to deſpiſe Danger, and walk under Ruins of old Walls and by dead Bodies undaunted; at the ſame time I can perceive a Tear of Concern ſtealing from them——May Heaven preſerve my two Boys; I hope they will live and be as well ſerved by others as they ſerve me!

They found for Siſter about fifteen Moidores in Pocket-pieces ſhe had by her. Mr. *Joyce* ſtay'd on the Ruins of Mr. *Morrogh*'s Houſe till three in the Afternoon, and ſaved ſeveral Things, ſending them to Mr.

(*f*) *Buro* is the *Portugueſe* cant Word for an Aſs; Aſſes are in great plenty in *Spain*, *Portugal*, &c.

(*g*) *Terreira de Paſſo* is a fine Square near the Water-ſide; the King's Palace was on one Side, and the Cuſtom-Houſe, Corn-Market, Meat-Market, &c. were on the other

Mr. *Connel's* by the *Magdalena* Church, where ſome of them were burnt the ſame Night.——The Fire conſumed St. *Dominick's* (*b*) Church with all the *Roſia* from thence to the Water-ſide, ſpreading Eaſt and Weſt to the Gallows, and down to St. *Paul's* Church.—— The King's Palace, Cuſtom-Houſe, Churches, are all conſumed.—— The Court, the Populace of the City, Nuns, Fryars, all lie out in the Fields; and God knows what will become of us, as we have ſtill one or two Earthquakes every twenty-four Hours.——We lie in the old Cellars, which remain unhurt at *Saccavem*; but ſeveral of the Company have not yet taken off their Clothes. I have ſaved all the Eſcritos, having them by chance in my Waiſtcoat Pocket (the Day before being Recovering-Day) but to what Purpoſe? ſeveral of our Debtors have periſhed, and all ruined. 'Tis not to be expreſſed the Miſery the Populace ſuffer by Cold, Hunger, and Rain in the Fields. We are, thank God, better off than many. The King ſeems determined to build *Lisbon* again in the ſame Place, and the Militia around the Country are now clearing the Streets.—But this muſt be a Work of Time.—The King has taken off Duties of Baccalhao, freſh Fiſh, and all manner of Proviſions, which is brought aſhore now without any Charge. Baccalhao is ſelling aboard Ready-Money at 3 Mill 600 per Quintal, Rice 3 Mill 400, Butter 63 Reis per lb.——Corn we have plenty—Sugars are all burnt.

(*b*) St. *Dominick's* Church was the Church of the Inquiſition, where the Jews, Hereticks, Witches, *&c.* were tried before the King and Nobility, and the Heads of thoſe who were executed (*i. e.* Pictures taken from the Life, are placed in Rows, almoſt covering the Weſt End of the Church. This was one of the largeſt and moſt beautiful Churches in *Lisbon*, and had a large Convent of *Dominican* Friars joining to it.——It is ſuppoſed the Houſe of Inquiſition is ſtill ſtanding; but this is not certain.